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Apparent Danger

OF AN

INVASION.

Briefly Represented in a Letter to a Minister
of State.

By a Kentish Gentleman.



L O N D O N,

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The Apparent Danger of an Invasion, briefly represented in a Letter to a Minister of State.

S I R,

THE present posture of publick Affairs abroad has such a terrible Aspect upon the Liberties of *Europe* in general, that *France* will have no reason to wonder, if all the Princes and States of *Europe*, which are its Neighbours, should take the Alarm at her late Conduct since the Treaty of *Reswick*. I'm sure 'twould be a very great wonder with me, and Posterity too, if after so late and notorious a Violation of a solemn Treaty, we should take her Word again, and trust to her Engagements, unless we can oblige her to perform 'em.

She has undoubtedly her Envoys and her Instruments in all Countries, especially here, who with great Artifice, and subtle Insinuations, will tempt the Easie and the Ignorant by Colours and Pretences of her good meaning; that she has no further Design than maintaining the D. of *Anjou's* Succession, and all her Neighbours that will own *Him* shall be, if they please, *Her dear Friends and Confederates*.

But what wise Man can be found? Nay, one may venture to say, where can you show me that Blockhead that has Brains little enough to believe her? And yet a *Frenchman* has so much Confidence in the Folly of all other Nations, and in his own Dexterity to play the Knave, that with very great Assurance he obtrudes his Flattery, and expresses his Friendship and Esteem for you, when his own Conscience gives him the Lie, & he's carrying on a design at the same time to cut your Throat.

Every Body knows 'twas but in *October* last, that all the Courts of *Europe* were in a show at least, earnestly solicited to enter into the Treaty of Partition, and all the huffing and sneaking Arguments were us'd by your *Guists* and *Amelists* for two or three Months together, to prevail upon the *Italians* and *Germans*, great and little, but in the midst of all this Banter and Grimace, arrives an Express with the K. of *S's* Death and *An's* Succession, and what part does my little *Franculus esuriens* act upon so sudden a Change?

Why, out he sets as briskly as can be with a new Memorial, fawns and hectors *en bon Francoise*, desires your Patience a little, while his Master, like a true Son of old *Eunius*, steals away half a dozen Kingdoms and Dukedoms: and then promises (believe him if you dare) to be a very good Musselman. till the next Opportunity.

Kings There's a certain very worthy Gentleman, & true *Englishman* too, who was aware of this, & Speech. gave us his Advice, in very honest Terms in the year 98, but *Thrift* & *Distrust*, two wary Devils oppos'd his Design; & what the Force of Foreigners, in 16 Years War could never do, the folly of a few true Born *Englishmen* effected in a trice, viz: subdued the Hero, and ridicul'd the Politician.

We chose, at that time, rather to trust our Good Neighbour with a standing Force of 150000 *Foreigners*, than, at the end of the War, suffer 10 or 20000 Swords and Musquets to continue in the Hands of our own Countreymen, for fear, I suppose. —

That *Englishmen* should *Englishmen* subdue. I confess they have a pretty good hand at betraying their Country, but for my part I was for trusting 'em at that time, and ever shall, before any *Foreigners*.

S. But our Fleet was disarm'd, and our Land Forces reduc'd from 84 to 7000 Men, that is is tull 11 of 12 s. And when we had strip't our selves thus Naked and invited the *Affyrians* into our Land you'll ask me how it came to pass that we have not had a second Invasion from *Normany*, or *Picardy*, and that the French have not before this, taken up their Quarters within the VWeekly Bills, and with our Friends at *Rocheſter* and *Sittingborn*. VVhy truly, I must tell you, not for want of good VWill, and good Opportunity too, (we thank our Masters) but they had other Game in Chase: the lingering Sicknes of the late King of *Sp.* put *Ver-Is*. in a constant Alarm every Post, for *Spain* and the *Indies* ever since 1660. were decreed for Usurpation: and



and if your *Montalto's* and *Portocarrero's* had fail'd of their Treason, the *Ratio ultima Regum* was at hand, viz. a good Train of Artillery, and an 100000 Men. VVhen this Morfel was swallow'd, 'twou'd be time enough to look after *England* and the Outskirts of *Europe*. VVho in the mean time are to be hush'd, if possible, with Specious Proposals and Golden Mountains, till my little Master is well settled at *Madrid*. And then her Highness the Dutchess of *Burgundy* will put in her Claim to the Crown of *England*, and we may defend the Protestant Heir or Possessor if we can, when her Grandfather has overturned *Italy* and the *Netherlands*, and taken Possession of all the Ports in *Holland*. He has already made such quick Approaches towards that Unfortunate Country, that the People are in the highest Consternation; and if we suffer them to be devour'd, the next Step he takes will be for *England*.

And he has so many and so considerable Reasons to invade us at this very Juncture, that some Mysteries of State, undiscoverable at present, or a mighty Infatuation alone can hinder him. The People on our Coasts are so sensible of their Defenceless Condition, especially since the *French* Troops entered so unexpectedly, and all at one Moment, into all the Frontier Towns in the *Sp. Flandrs*, that they expect every Morning to hear they have put Garrisons into *Dover*, *Rye*, and *Shoreham*, and 'tis almost as easy and quick a Passage from *Calais*, and *Dunkirk*, to *Harwich*, *Dunwich*, and *Yarmouth*. The Passage between us and them is so short, that Five or Six Hours is time enough to execute such a design in any part of *Kent*.

Julius Caesar, who had but indifferent Pilots, and Vessels that were ill Sailors, came over in a Night: And *William the Conqueror* cross'd a wider part of the Channel, viz. from *Bologna* to *Pevensey* in a few hours, and both of 'em succeeded so well by the folly and divisions of our Ancestors, that it is our good luck if our Enemies don't take the advantage of our Present Circumstances, to make a tryal of our boasted *English* valour, and see how many of the Fourteen Hundred Thousand Names contained in the *Associations*, lodged in the *Tower of London*, dare show their Faces in the Field against the *Marshal de Bouffrs* at the head of Twenty or Thirty Thousand Veterans.

I pretend not to the skill of a Marshal, and you don't mistake me I'm sure for a Conjuror in Affairs of State: And yet I'll venture to affirm, upon the little Experience I have had in a Military Station, and a pretty long Acquaintance with the humor of a People under a Pannick Fear, that were I of the Interest and Religion, and in Pay of Monsieur at *Ver-les*, I shou'd no more question the Success of Invading *England* at this time, till about a Month or six Weeks hence, than I do my meeting with you next Year at *Tunbridge-Wells* in the Season.

And upon peril of my Head, I would undertake, as Old as I am, to Land with about Twenty Thousand Foot, and Two Thousand Dragoons on next Munday Morning in any part of *Kent*, or *Sussex*, from *Dover* to *Chichester*, and with little or no opposition continue my March towards your Populous City, and Quarter my Troops in *London*, *Westminster*, and *Southwark*, by Saturday next, so as to hear high Mass on Sunday Morning at *St. Paul's*, and Dissolve your P—t the Monday following.

This you may think a little unlikely, and I wish it were morrally impossible; but I think I can make it appear a very feasible Enterprize, I will suppose then the *Marshal De Bouffrs* at *Dunkirk* or *Calais*, this very Saturday Night Embarquing his Men, and setting Sail at One or Two in the Morning with a fresh Gale at East, what shall hinder him from crossing the Channel in Five or Six Hours, but a Tempest, or a Fleet, in that very place? The first we cannot Expect, and the latter we have not ready, so that Land he will in spite of our Barks and our Fishermen of *Kent*. When his Troops are Debarqued, we'll suppose they rest 'em one Day, and by that time it may be another Reinforcement Arrives; what now will hinder him from bending his March directly for *London*, and coming thither in the time before-mentioned, but a sufficient Body of Men to Meet him by the Way? And nothing but an equal Force will do, for the Battel of *Cressy* is long since forgotten, and the Name of an *Englishman* I'll assure you, is no such Bugbear to a *Fr—n* at this time of Day.

But where are the Forces we should draw together? As for the Dutch, *Hannibal*, is at their gates, and they can't spare a single Battalion and if they could Twenty, Monsieur *Bouffrs* march to *York* before they can all Embarque, for they don't lye ready Quartered in their

Ports, as the French do in theirs. And for our handful of 7000 Standing Forces, if you fill all the Northern and Western Garrisons with our Militia, 'twill be a Fortnight at least before they can meet in a Body on Hounslow Heath, which will be too late. And then for our Militia of London and Westminster, which may make a Body of Ten or Twelve Thousand Men, and can soonest Assemble themselves; do you imagine they'll March towards Dover, and with the Assistance of a little Mob, Venture to give Battel to Disciplin'd Troops? If they should have so much Courage, and so little Discretion, I expect little more from such an Attempt, than what was done by Eight or Ten Thousand Club-Men, who rose in the late Civil War in the Counties of Wilts, Somerset, and Dorset, and were dispersed by half a Dozen Troops of the Parliament Horse. The Citie Militia, I believe is our best; but what Discipline can Men have, who appear in Arms but once a year, march into the Artillery Ground, and there wisely spend the Day in Eating, Drinking, and Smoaking, in Storming half a Score Sir-Loins of Beef, and Vennison Pasties and having given their Officers a Volley or two, and like so many Idle Boys with Snow-balls, fooll'd away a little Gun Powder, return Home again as Ignorant as they went out, and as fit to Fight the French at Black Heath, as one of our little Tatches is to engage the Britania.

And besides this, which I have not represented to the worst disadvantage, there are other prodigious Difficulties that would perplex us upon such an Invasion, We have so many Catalines and Portocarrero's amongst us, that would not fail to betray us, so many Religious Biggots that are bewitched with a tender Conscience for the Right of Old Pharaoh, so many hardy Villains, and desperate M'creants that are for Plunder and a prevailing Power; and so many lukewarm heartless Coxcombs that will stand still to see themselves undone, or run away by the light of their own Houses, and so very few, whatever they pretend, that will stand by the King with their Lives and Fortunes, and Fight for their Religion, Laws and Liberties; in short, We are so crumbled into Factions, Civil, and Religious, so debauched from the Old English Virtue and Valour, and so destitute of the true Love to our Country, and real Principles of Honour. so ripe for a Civil War at home, and so exposed to an Invasion from Abroad, that our Enemies are altogether infatuated, if they don't lay hold of this Opportunity, in a Week or two, and we are all utterly undone if they do, unless a Miracle be wrought to save us.

England is now the only Nation in Europe, that hath any Remains of substantial Liberties, for Arbitrary power, like a mighty deluge, has in a manner overspread the face of the whole Earth, and is ready to break in upon us with an irresistible fury, unless we make ready to withstand it, Holland stands now exposed to Military Execution, and so do the Counties of Kent and Sarrey. who have between forty and fifty Thousand Men to Land upon 'em at a day or two's Warning from Boulogne, Calais, Grevelingue, Dunkirk, Newport and Ostend, there's but a hairs breadth betwixt us and ruine

We have been so long sitting our selves by our Vices and our Treachery for Conquest and Slavery, that I fear you have scarce ten thousand Men left in City and Countrey, that have Spirit and Bravery enough to march to our Assistance, whenever we have occasion. You'll be sure to have as early Notice, as is possible, for our fears makes us as watchful, as we hope you are indefatigable to provide for our Security.

We cannot forget how the French Troops treated the Inhabitants of the Palatinate in 1688; when they intirely ruined a Country on both sides the Rhyne, as large as Kent and Suffex, burnt down to the Ground above two hundred Burghs, and the three famous and Popolous Cities of Worms, Spire, and Heidleburg, put the People to the Sword in divers Towns and spared not the Popish Temples and Cathedrals and this without Provocation from the People or their Prince. What sort of usage think you then may we expect at Dover and Winchelsea, &c. and you too in London, who are Englishmen, Rebels, and Hereticks, as bad as we. Our Enemies have a particular eye upon your factious City, and the Wealth of the Bank and Lombard Street, which the hungry Priests and Soldiers frequently talk of at Calais and Dunkirk, with great indignation, but with some assurance of late, that England will shortly receive her Old Master and the Popish Religion again.

Which I earnestly wish may be prevented by the Wisdom and Prudence of the King and present Parliament.

Mo--ds, Feb.

14. 1700.

FINIS.

I am, SIR,